

THE ALVINE CONGRESS.

SENATE.

WASHINGTON, March 8.—The alcoholic liquor commission bill came up for consideration in the Senate today. The bill was passed by the House on March 3, and the Senate is now considering it. The bill is a compromise between the House and Senate versions. It provides for the creation of a commission to study the liquor problem and to report to the President. The commission is to be composed of representatives from both Houses of Congress and from the States. The bill also provides for the creation of a fund to be used for the purpose of studying the liquor problem. The bill is expected to pass the Senate today.

WASHINGTON, March 9.—Resolution passed in the Senate today, providing for the creation of a commission to study the liquor problem. The commission is to be composed of representatives from both Houses of Congress and from the States. The bill also provides for the creation of a fund to be used for the purpose of studying the liquor problem. The bill is expected to pass the Senate today.

WASHINGTON, March 10.—The Senate today passed a bill providing for the creation of a commission to study the liquor problem. The commission is to be composed of representatives from both Houses of Congress and from the States. The bill also provides for the creation of a fund to be used for the purpose of studying the liquor problem. The bill is expected to pass the Senate today.

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GRAINS OF GOLD.

The waves of happiness, like those of light, are colorless when unbroken. Knowledge of the world is dearly bought at the price of moral purity. Genius at first is nothing more than a great capacity for receiving discipline. If you assume the garb of a fool, you very sure that you have not a natural right to it?

It is one thing to have a house to live in, and quite another thing to have a home to live in.

We do not judge men by what they are in themselves, but by what they are relatively to us.

Nature never sends a great man into the world without confiding the secret to another soul.

The light of true friendship is like the light of phosphorus—seen plainest when all around is dark.

Many persons entertain false views of real life, who yet have the justest perceptions of human nature.

Silence streams often water fairest meadows, and the bird that duffers least is longest on the wing.

As sad dreams between a glad future, so may it be with the so often tormenting dream of life when it is over.

A writer who attempts to live on the manufacture of his imagination is continuously coquetting with starvation.

In life it is difficult to say who do you the most mischief—enemies with the worst intentions, or friends with the best.

Good breeding is benevolence in trifles, or the preference of others to ourselves in the little daily occurrences of life.

Knowledge is said to be sorrow. If this be true there are some men in the community who must be supremely happy.

It is a curious fact that no man in the world wants to be rich; he only asks for enough, and surely that is a reasonable request.

Leibig's Cure for Intemperance.

The Scientific American contains an account of an experimental test of Leibig's theory for the cure of habitual drunkenness. The experiment consisted of a simple change of diet, and was tried upon twenty-seven persons, with satisfactory results. The diet proposed was composed of macaroni, haricot beans, dried peas and lentils. The dishes were made palatable by being thoroughly boiled, and seasoned with butter or olive oil. Breads of a highly glutinous quality were used, care being taken to prevent their being soured in course of preparation. In his explanation of the theory, Leibig remarks that the disinclination for alcoholic stimulants after partaking of such food, is due to the carbonaceous starch contained therein which renders unnecessary the use of stimulants.

Persons should not think lightly of feeling of extreme debility, so common in the spring of the year. It is often the forerunner of a year of ill health. It renders the system very susceptible to disease, and is caused by the blood being filled with poisonous humors. The blood, by all means, should be kept healthy, otherwise its power to assimilate nutritious food becomes impaired, and dyspepsia, liver complaint, headache, nervous debility, extreme languor, weak kidneys, want of physical and mental endurance, and general prostration is the result. Since prevention is better than cure, don't wait for the first signs of springtime indisposition, when the first symptoms of languor are manifested, but begin using Dr. Guyot's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla. As a spring medicine, it excels all other remedies, gently but surely expelling the poisonous humors which the system becomes impregnated, by the incidental effect of changeable winter weather. It makes the blood rich and pure, causes the circulation to revive, enables it to renew the wasted tissues, and carries strength and vitality to every weak part of the human system, restoring impaired bodily functions, and checking all decay of the urinary, digestive, and pulmonary organs, which, if neglected, too often ends in a premature grave.

Sal of the Natural Bridge of Virginia.

This property has again been sold—this time by the Allegheny Coal and Iron Company to Mr. H. C. Parson, for \$55,000 cash. This property has had an eventful history. The first owner on record was Thomas Jefferson and he made frequent visits to the place, prizing it highly—in one of his letters recently discovered placing its value at \$30,000, and saying that people would cross the seas to visit it. It has been sold repeatedly at from \$10,000 to \$40,000, at which price it was reported at one time sold to J. W. Garrett, Esq., when the Valley Railroad was located near it. About a year ago it was sold by the Harman estate to the purchaser for about \$18,000, and by him immediately sold to the Allegheny Coal and Iron Company for \$20,000. The recent purchase carries the improvements that were put upon it the last season. The object of the purchaser is to organize a new company, to be called the Natural Bridge Forest Company, to insure more extensive improvements. The property contains nearly 1,200 acres, a large part of which is original forest. It lies in the great circle of hills lifted 600 feet above the valley and 1,400 feet above the sea. From the highest point there is a view of the Blue Ridge for seventy miles, and the place will form a shady and breezy summer resort, convenient to Lynchburg and Richmond, Danville and New York.

Mr. Robert B. Barton, of Dayton, O., writes: "I wish every one to know that Dr. Guyot's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla has cured me of severe dyspepsia and urinary troubles. It has made me very strong."

He slipped quietly in at the door, but catching sight of an inquiring face over the stair rail, said: "Sorry so late my dear; couldn't get a car before." "So the cars were full too," said the lady, and further remarks were unnecessary.

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Unhappiness at Home.

No unhappiness in life is equal to unhappiness at home. All other personal miseries can be better borne than the terrible misfortune of domestic disunion, and none so completely demoralizes the nature. The anguish of disease itself is modified, ameliorated, even rendered blessed, by the tender touch, the dear presence of the sympathetic beloved; and loss of fortune is not of happiness where family love is left. But the want of that love is not to be supplied by anything else on earth. Health, fortune, success, nothing has its full savor when the home is unhappy; and the greatest triumph out of doors are of to avail to cheer the sinking heart when the misery within has to be encountered.

To be supposed gifted with home happiness because held in public honor, and then to go back, Cinderella-like, to the ashes of the domestic hearth, there to sit in the midst of contention, disunion and despair—what life can equal the misery of this? None; not even in prison, nor banishment, nor poverty, nor ruin—nothing has this force of misery which lies in the fact of domestic discord. No wonder that strong men break down under the strain, that ardent women fling all social honor, all personal self-respect, and self-restraint to the winds, and go off into the wilderness to escape from the torture of such a life.

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A House Picture.

It is not now; and here is home. Gathered under the quiet roof, elders and children lie alike at rest. In the midst of a great peace and calm, the stars look out from the heavens. The silence is peopled with the past; a row of memories for sins and shortcomings, memories of passionate joys and griefs rise out of their graves, both row alike calm and sad. Eyes as I shut mine, look at me that have long ceased to shine. The town and the landscape sleep under the starlight, wreathed in the August mists. Twinkling among the houses, a light keeps watch here and there, in what may be a sick chamber or two. The clock tolls sweetly in the silent air. It is night and rest. An awful sense of thanks makes the heart swell, and the head bow, and I pass to my room through the sleeping house, and feel as though a hushed blessing were upon it.

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KANSAS PRISING IT.

"While I was in Topeka last winter," said the Hon. Arthur Edgington, "I had a pretty rough time of it. I got a bad cold, and, then that not being sufficient, I was also attacked with rheumatism. The pain was in my left shoulder. At times I almost writhed in agony. I tell you, sir, that the pain could not have been greater had my shoulder been screwed up in a vise. I was utterly helpless, and felt like I was destined to remain in that condition indefinitely. My friends and a physician were generous in their prescriptions and my room soon became a miniature apothecary shop. But nothing did me any good. One day some one told me I was enduring a great deal of needless pain when I could invest fifty cents in a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil and be cured. I invested in a bottle of the Oil, rubbed it on my shoulder twice, and in two days for that I ever had rheumatism. Yes, they can't say too much in favor of its healing power."

The above was uttered by Mr. Edgington while sitting in the porch of the La Gonda House, at Columbus, the other evening, and was overheard by an escaped reporter, who is traveling incognito. Inquiry developed the fact that Mr. Edgington is one of the most widely known men in Kansas, figuring prominently in politics, and acting as the responsible agent of the Bradstreet Commercial Agency. Upon subsequently making Mr. Edgington's acquaintance the reporter was assured that all he had heard was true; and he was at liberty to use it in the papers.—(Omaha (Kas.) Democrat.)

Another Discovery in Ruined Pompeii.

On Jan. 24 the skeleton of a woman with a child was discovered at Pompeii, a narrow street about twelve feet above the level of the ancient pavement. It is well known that the catastrophe of 79 A. D. commenced with a shower of small pumice stones, by which the streets of Pompeii were covered up to the roofs of the houses. Stones were succeeded by ashes, which became solid owing to the action of successive showers of boiling water; and these ashes now form the top layer of the materials which cover the ruins of Pompeii. Most of the unhappy beings who remained in the town after the eruption first reached the town made their escape through the windows, but the greater part of these fugitives could have taken, but a few steps, and must have been quickly suffocated by the poisonous fumes. With one arm the woman whose skeleton has now been found was clasping the legs of the child, whose body shows contraction, which leads us to suppose that the child must have been very ill. It was a little boy about ten years of age. Doubtless the woman was the mother of the child. Some jewels found on the female skeleton indicate a person of condition; two bracelets of gold encircled the arm which held the boy, and on the hand were two gold rings, one set with an emerald, on which was engraved a horn of plenty, and the other with an amethyst bearing a head of Mercury.

The St. Paul (Minn.) Globe, observes: Things had gone wrong with him, and he wanted to die; yet he had the whole house darning around him, and he was heard, hunting for the St. Jacobs Oil bottle, when his first twinge of rheumatism gripped him up.

Unhappiness at Home.

No unhappiness in life is equal to unhappiness at home. All other personal miseries can be better borne than the terrible misfortune of domestic disunion, and none so completely demoralizes the nature. The anguish of disease itself is modified, ameliorated, even rendered blessed, by the tender touch, the dear presence of the sympathetic beloved; and loss of fortune is not of happiness where family love is left. But the want of that love is not to be supplied by anything else on earth. Health, fortune, success, nothing has its full savor when the home is unhappy; and the greatest triumph out of doors are of to avail to cheer the sinking heart when the misery within has to be encountered.

To be supposed gifted with home happiness because held in public honor, and then to go back, Cinderella-like, to the ashes of the domestic hearth, there to sit in the midst of contention, disunion and despair—what life can equal the misery of this? None; not even in prison, nor banishment, nor poverty, nor ruin—nothing has this force of misery which lies in the fact of domestic discord. No wonder that strong men break down under the strain, that ardent women fling all social honor, all personal self-respect, and self-restraint to the winds, and go off into the wilderness to escape from the torture of such a life.

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